

1500/109
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S E D U C T I O N :

O R, T H E

Cause of INJURED INNOCENCE pleaded.

A P O E M,

Addressed to the AUTHOR of the VILLAINY,

W I T H

A P R E F A C E,

Stating the melancholy, but AUTHENTIC FACTS, on which
the subject of the Poem is founded.

Search earth, search hell, the DEVIL cannot find,
An agent like LOTHARIO to his mind.

CHURCHILL,

L O N D O N :

PRINTED, AND SOLD BY THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

M,DCC,LXXXII.

By the Rev Richard de Courcy,

Dean in *Præsentation*
PRESENTATION

Case of Infringement



Added to the list of the University

A B R E V I A T E D

Summary of the proceedings

the history of the University

of the University of Oxford

in the year 1209

—

L O N D O N

Printed by the University of Oxford

at the University of Oxford

TO ALL
AFFECTIONATE PARENTS,
AND
VIRTUOUS GUARDIANS,
IN GENERAL;

AND TO ALL THE
SYMPATHIZING FRIENDS,
AND
PATRONS,

OF AN AMIABLE, BUT GREATLY-INJURED
YOUNG LADY,
IN PARTICULAR;

THE FOLLOWING
P O E M,
IS
MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY
The AUTHOR.

TO ALL
AFFECTIONATE PARENTS

AND
VIRTUOUS GUARDIANS
IN GENERAL

AND TO ALL THE
SYMPATHIZING FRIENDS

AND
PARENTS
OF AN AMABLE
YOUNG LADY



IN PARTICULAR

THE FOLLOWING

M.

E.

O.

18

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

THE AUTHOR

P R E F A C E.

R E A D E R,

IF there be a single spark of honor, modesty, or compassion in thy breast, an out-line of the facts, on which the following poem is founded, will shock thy feelings to the uttermost.—A person in the town of *Salisbury*, called a gentleman, because he has acquired a few hundreds a-year in the East Indies, keeps a coach, and wears a cockade, had committed to his care a young Lady, at a very tender age, the daughter of a Major in the army, who wished her to have the benefit of an English education. A trust of this nature, transferred in all the confidence of friendship, by parents deeply solicitous about the education of a beloved child, was sacred and important to the last degree. The young Lady was accordingly sent to school. But soon after her return from it, he, who should have been the guardian of her virtue and her morals, became the plunderer of both, and RUINED her, when NOT FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.—When it is considered that the man who has been guilty of this cruel act, is above fifty years of age, and that he does not possess a single accomplishment of body or mind, to which any young person upon earth could be tempted to sacrifice her virtue; they must be prodigies in credulity, who can suppose, that a young creature, amiable in her person and manners, and, 'till her late misfortune, of unblemish'd reputation, could have submitted, without force, to the brutal inclinations of the wretch that ruined her; or that he must not have debauched her principles, as the fatal prelude to the accomplishment of his villainous project. And indeed the solemn testimony of the young Lady, as well as the subtle manner in which the scheme was laid for her ruin, are strong presumptive proofs, that HE used those arts, that arm all seducers, and constitute them the most dangerous and flagrant characters upon earth.

IMMEDIATELY.

IMMEDIATELY upon the commission of this act of unparalleled cruelty, the perpetrator of it enjoined secrecy to the injured party, by every argument, that conscious guilt and a dread of punishment can be supposed to suggest. Various motives, arising from inexperience, and the peculiar infelicity of her situation under the seducer's roof, induced her to conceal the deed and the author of it. But in two years after, the very person who at first wished the matter to be buried in darkness, with double treachery, became himself the divulger of it; and that too, under such circumstances of baseness and barbarity, as aggravate his guilt to the highest degree. This at first view may appear paradoxical: but what follows will explain the whole.

THE consequences of this unhappy affair having produced expences, for which the seducer made himself indirectly responsible, consulting the interests of his purse more than the dictates of pity, truth and honor, with the mean prospect of shifting these expences and the guilt that incurred them, from himself, he turned traitor and liar; divulged the fact to a gentleman, who is now one of the young Lady's guardians; and charged the guilt of it upon his (the seducer's) late footman. Thus the dread of losing a few pounds, inclined him, after having ruined a tender virgin, to blast her reputation, to risk his own, to violate truth and conscience, to add cruelty to treachery, and sin to sin. Was there ever such concatenated villainy?—Some very visible confusion having been observed in THE MANNER in which the dreadful secret was disclosed, when considered in connection with other concomitant and striking circumstances*, excited strong suspicions in the breast of the young lady's guardian, that C—W— was himself the guilty man; and, a short interval confirmed these suspicions. A favourable opportunity having offered for communicating to her the affair, according to the C—'s representation of it, the young lady, fired with indignation, and shocked with horror, that he should have dared to charge THAT on any man living, of which he, and he alone, had been the guilty author, then laid open a scene, the discovery of which, no antecedent hints, or gentle persuasions whatever, could extort from her. The declarations she made in private, to her guardian, she again reiterated, with the most solemn appeals to ALMIGHTY GOD for the truth of them, in the presence of the same

* Particularly her unconquerable opposition to the proposal of choosing C—W—as one of her Guardians.



gentleman,

gentleman, the seducer, and his wife, and a gentleman in the commission of the peace. That a man could stand THIS shock, and hear, without sinking to the earth, the solemn declarations that his own conscience, at that instant witnessed to be true, can only be accounted for, upon the supposition of a mind lost to every sense of conscience, truth, and honor. To shew the falsity of the seducer's charge, in transferring to another the guilt that solely belonged to himself, it need only be mentioned, that, before the late M^{rs} of S^{alisbury}, and the principal physician of the town, with whom the C——'s late footman now lives, he (the footman) solemnly disavowed the fact injuriously and falsely imputed to him by C——I W——.

In order, if possible, to invalidate the force of the preceding, and other circumstances that carried with them such a strong implication of guilt, C——I W—— said, he could prove, from very respectable authority, that Miss F——, in the hour of her extremity, declared the footman to be the father of the child. Could he have succeeded in producing this evidence, although it would not have been absolutely decisive in his favor, yet it would have empowered him at least to bear up against the popular odium with more confidence than he can at present: But the ground of THIS declaration has been investigated, and, like other parts of his defence, has turned out an indirect evidence of his guilt. For, Doctor O——, a gentleman of considerable professional abilities, and great humanity, has, under his own hand, declared, in direct confutation of C——I W——'s false and injurious assertion, that he (Doctor O——) never did, during an part of his attendance on Miss F——, hear her say, that the footman was the father of the child; consequently he never could communicate such intelligence to C——I W——, as he hath thought proper to report. What now is to overturn the weight of this respectable testimony? Why, nothing, but the groundless affirmation of C——I W——, who appears to have laid it down as one invariable rule through the whole of this melancholy affair, never to relinquish an untruth that he has once fabricated, but to stick to the original falsehood, notwithstanding all the irrefragable proofs of its grossness and its guilt—the distinguishing mark of thorough-paced falsification.

ONE most extraordinary plea, as a DERNIER RESORT, hath indeed been urged in favor of the C——I. But it is so truly ridiculous, so inadmissible in every point of view, so directly repugnant to absolute matter of fact, and so void of credibility, though coming

from one, who of all people upon earth might be supposed to be the most competent judge in such a case, that out of delicacy, and tenderness, (not to C——l W——, for he deserves none, but) to the party from whence the apology originated, I dare not mention it. Suffice it only to observe, that the proof offered for the C——l's innocence is like an attempt to prove, that a felon could not be guilty of a THIRD larceny, though he had been convicted of two antecedent facts equally atrocious, and still possessed the same powers and inclinations to steal, as ever.

WHAT is there now, that can, in the opinion of any man of candor and penetration, exculpate the C——l? If he himself, or any advocate in his cause, thinks he is in the possession of ONE circumstance that can rescue his blasted reputation from the infamy that covers it, let them produce it. The author of this invites them to the debate. Will it be urged, that he makes the most solemn protestations of his innocence? With those, who know, what a flight evasion men of an unprincipled character will sometimes make as a subterfuge for guilt, and with what astonishing obduracy they will persevere in the denial of a fact, when under no apprehension of positive detection, or capital punishment, such protestations as the C——l's, weigh nothing in his favor, but are rather to be considered as very heavy aggravations of his guilt. Besides, when a man has been once convicted of a gross deviation from the rules of strict honor, and of a single departure from the dictates of truth, do not such facts afford ground for just suspicion, that he who has falsified in one instance, will, in another, and that he who has deceived a neighbour, by ungentle and illiberal artifice, would, also, when he could do it with secrecy and impunity, ruin his child? Two such flagrant instances as those just referred to, I will now lay before the public.

1. IN the first place, it is a well-attested, and will be a long-remembered fact, that C——l W—— did, for a considerable time, DISCOURAGE an intimacy between Miss F——r, and a very amiable young gentleman of the town of S——y, (for what reasons are best known to the C——l) and yet, that, AFTER he (the C——l) had declared to the young Lady's guardian, that the footman was her ruiner, he THEN personally RECOMMENDED the union to the father of the young gentleman.—Could any thing be more repugnant to the dictates of honor and the laws of good neighborhood, than for a man to recommend to a gentleman of great respectability, as a proper wife
for

for his son, a young lady, whom the recommending party secretly held forth as guilty of an intrigue with a footman? Was not this the very quintessence of dishonor?

2. His violation of truth, is in the following instance. Under the first impressions which the discovery of this affair to the world, appeared to make upon C——1 W—— he declared he would not defray the expences attending the maintenance of the child, unless legally obliged to do so; and that he should wait the usual form. Yet, without making a single struggle, or daring to shew his face in a court, he has tamely acquiesced in the requisition, and has made himself responsible for expences, past and future. Only take this fact in recapitulation with former ones, and then judge whether he be guilty or not; or rather, whether the two last, so unworthy a man of honor and veracity, do not evince what little credit is due to the evasive protestations of his innocence. Sum up the evidence, and you will find that it rests upon the following incontestable facts, viz. The solemn declarations of Miss F——r, — the solemn disavowal made by the footman—the total want of one plausible circumstance to bear the C—— out, in charging the guilt on the footman—the positive testimony of Dr. O——ne, contradicting the false assertion of the C——1, and acquitting the young Lady of having ever said, what he would make her say—and his submitting to the maintenance of the child. Do these facts convict him or not?

It has been often justly observed, that a peculiar fatality attends the commission of secret villainy; and that the dispensations of Providence, seem peculiarly exerted in proportion to the subtle contrivances of men to conceal their guilt from the public eye. This observation is remarkably verified in the present case. Had not our East India ships, particularly the Mount Stuart, been captured by the combined fleets of France and Spain, we should, probably, never have heard of Miss F——r more. What she went thro' on land, would on ship-board, in all human probability, have terminated in her death. Her captivity brought her back to England, saved her life, and has been productive of a discovery of that villainy which the seducer once consoled himself with the hope of being buried in darkness for ever. And possibly this may not be the only scene of similar guilt in which he may have been concerned, and which may see the light. It is only to be regretted, that an earlier discovery had not been made of THAT now laid before the public, that the author of it might have been prosecuted, and his disgrace and punishment.

punishment made proportionate to the depth of his crime. His character, which a very few interested persons are now struggling, in the face of the most incontrovertible facts, to snatch from merited infamy, would then have given him a place among those who fall victims to public justice. But conscience will probably do that ten thousand times over, which the executioner would have done but once. It is to be hoped, that an impartial public will feel for an amiable young Lady, injured at an age when she could hardly judge of the nature and consequences of her injury; and that all parents, especially, will hold in a light of abhorrence that man, who has so perfidiously violated the laws of friendship, and so infamously betrayed a most important trust. In doing this, they will join the author of this piece in what he thinks a laudable undertaking: that of EXPOSING VICE, AND MAKING COMPLETE AND COMPLICATED VILLAINY, AN OBJECT OF JUST AND PUBLIC INDIGNATION.



SEDUC-

SEDUCTION, &c.

A P O E M.

LUCKLESS, and inauspicious was the hour,
Rul'd by some planet's dark malignant pow'r,
When, thro' ambition and thro' av'rice bold,
Athirst for distant empire and for gold,
Britons t'explore the eastern world essay'd,
And the foundation of false greatness laid,
In ravaging that Clime, where *Ganges*' flood
Ennobles, as it rolls, each *Gentoo* god,
In gay *Pagodas* * pompously enshrin'd,
Temples profane of ev'ry abject mind,

B.

In

* The name of the Indian temples; in which the principal deities worshipped are *Vishnou*, *Esvara*, *Brama*, and thousands of idols subordinate to these. In the opinion of the *Bramins*, the priests, all Indostan is holy land; and there is no part in which

some

In pagan darkness sunk, without one ray
 To happiness or truth to point the way ;
 Where the bright gem, from rich *Golconda's* mines †,
 With lustre, and with charms resistless, shines,
 Strong, as a thousand magnets, to the shore
 Of *Indus*, draws the sons of commerce o'er,
 In vessels fill'd with instruments of death,
 And wafted swiftly by the hostile breath
 Of winds, that aid the pre-concerted force,
 Riches t'ensure ; but, with them, ev'ry curse
 That riches bring, when sought to feed the pride,
 Or the accumulated guilt to hide,

some deity has not appeared, and done something to merit a temple. Some of these fabrics are of immemorial antiquity, and stand as monuments of stupendous labour ; but the history of their gods is a chaos of absurdities.—The Indians pay the most superstitious honors to the river *Ganges*, which falls into the Bay of *Bengal*, and fancy that their temples, or pagodas, erected near its banks, derive a sanctity from their contiguity to the sacred channels thro' which the *Ganges* flows.—It is among other things to be lamented in the conduct of Europeans, that hardly any methods have been attempted to rescue the heathens from their idolatry : With modern conquerors the only object, worth attending to, seems to be the acquisition of wealth and power.

† The diamonds, dug from the mines of *Golconda*, on the *Coromandel* coast, are said to be of a superior water to those discovered in *Brazil*.



Of

Of titled miscreants, who to jaghires trust,
 Their heads to save, and scatter gold as dust,
 To blind the Stateman's penetrating eye,
 And make e'en ruffians, justice' self defy ; —
 Where thro' *Orixa's* ‡ territories vast,
 Or fam'd *Carnatic*, by the sword laid waste
 Of *Hyder*, 'till the British standard rear'd
 His rage and conquests to repress appear'd ;
 Or thro' *Babar's*, or *Bengal's* province great
 Where, Britain's sons, with opulence elate,
 Extend their conquests and their slaughter too,
 By methods, e'en to savage fierceness new,
 Thro' fields of blood in search of booty roam,
 To make their masters, live like Kings at home.

SINCE that dire period, fraught with ev'ry ill,
 That can the page of tragic hist'ry fill,
 What a long series of transactions base,
 That British valor, British truth, disgrace,

‡ *Orixa*, *Babar*, and *Bengal*, are the three principal provinces belonging to the East-India company, and are said to comprehend an extent of territory superior to that of Great Britain and the British islands.

Our

Our arms have fullied, and our honor stain'd,
 Of blood and treasure our resources drain'd !
 How weak our counfels, vile our plans have been,
 The *rifing*, and the *setting*, fun hath feen.
 Conquest by treach'ry, traffic by deceit,
 Chiefly in all our eastern projects meet.
 One Nabob's hir'd a rival to destroy,
 Th' aflaffin's murder'd by the fame decoy ;
 Another's made the conqu'ror's fervile tool,
 Skill'd with the rod of tyranny, to rule ;
 Though free before and in atchievements brave,
 A King becomes a fordid defpot's slave ;
 Thus eastern chiefs defrauded, or dethron'd,
 Too long beneath the Britifh yoke have groan'd.
 Cutting reflection too ! the *Chriftian* name
 Hath both enhanc'd and witnefs'd to our fhame ;
 The idol-temples ftand, and ev'ry day,
 Pagans, with folemn invocations, pray
 Their guardian Deities t'expel their coaft
 The Chriftian, dreaded and detefted moft,
 Becaufe *that* name th' idea fad conveys,
 Of ranfack'd towns, and cities in a blaze ;

Of

Of thousands starv'd, enslav'd, or captive led,
 Or, lot more happy, number'd with the dead;—
 Of pride, ambition, cruelty, and fraud,
 The rotten pillars, that support abroad
 Th' unwieldy fabric of our int'rests, where,
 By its own pond'rous weight, it draweth near,
 By dreadful gravitation, to the brink
 Of final ruin, soon perhaps to sink,
 And by its fall, the vanity proclaim,
 Of earthly grandeur, opulence, and fame.

FROM Indian scenes, that teem with countless snares,
 Where PLEASURE all its blandishments prepares;
 Where LUX'RY spreads the rich, the sumptuous board,
 Loaded with sweets, that earth and seas afford;
 The mind t' enervate, reason to dethrone,
 And give the reins to appetite alone;
 Where CONQUEST brings the victor ample spoil,
 To recompense his dangers and his toil;
 Where TRAFFIC e'en the sons of MARS invites
 To taste her solid, lucrative delights;

Where FORTUNE gives, with a capricious hand,
 And fav'rites calls, by her supreme command,
 To share in dignities, and rise to fame,
 Although of mushroom-origin, their name;
 Of clerks and cadets mighty Gen'als makes,
 Or from a slaughter-house a Col'nel takes,
 Instructed erst a tender lamb to bleed,
 Then call'd a scarlet regiment to lead;
 Gives to Commanders, that have *run away*,
 And wisely liv'd to fight, some other day,
 The wealth, and ease, to vet'rans brave denied,
 Who, to the shame of cowards, fought and died;
 Ennobles e'en the vilest of mankind,
 And, as a proof that in her favors blind,
 Her honors, titles, riches, throws away
 On men, in plans of infamy grown grey;—
 From scenes, that thus intoxicate the mind,
 Who cou'd help wond'ring, did we never find
 Fortune's spruce fav'rites bring their meanness back,
 And, with it, principles, as midnight black?
 That sad adepts in vice, on India's shore,
 Shou'd turn out, here, seducers at threescore?

W * *, this hint may make thee apprehend,
 The muse wou'd wish to state the rise, and end,
 Of that strange hist'ry, that records thy birth,
 With intermediate scenes, 'till to the earth
 Consign'd, thy name mortality survives,
 And from thy crimes a deathless fame derives.
 But let not meanness tremble ; 'tis the part
 Of honest truth, to search and probe the heart ;
 Not to seek virtue in a gay outside,
 Or think that riches can a villain hide ;
 Not to esteem a man of real worth,
 Because he's noble only by his birth ;
 Not from intrinsic excellence to take,
 Or rigid comments on misfortune make ;
 Fair VIRTUE's steady patroness and friend
 The muse but strives *her* int'rests to defend ;
 VICE in its native colors to pourtray,
 And drag the monster to the open day.

WHILE truth essays each lineament to trace,
 In that pure mirror, canst thou view thy face ?

W * *

W * * stand forth—thy crimes are brought to light,
 Crimes big with infamy, and black as night;
 The hour is come, when all expos'd to view,
 Thy LUST, and CRUELTY, and AV'RICE too,
 Shall stamp thy character with guilt and shame,
 And brand through ages thine obnoxious name.
 Blame no assassins, or informers fly,
 Th' inventors shrewd, or bearers of a lye,
 That oft' with defamation's poisonous breath,
 Blast merit's rising excellence to death;
 Or, with insidious whispers, softly kill
 The fairest names, by thousands, at their will.
 Thine own the *guilt*, and the *discov'ry* thine;
 Claim both, and then, without one rival shine
 For novelty of vice! 'midst tribes of those,
 Who, to all justice, truth, and mercy, foes,
 Rob, ravish, murder, with unsparing hand,
 And deluge, with their villainies, a land.

WHILE conscience makes e'en harden'd felons own
 The guilt, that hangs them, thou, more callous grown,

Durst

Durst veil the *real* author of the deed,
 To make fair innocence more deeply bleed.
 On complicated schemes of ruin bent,
 Not with a single villainy content,
 Plund'rer of VIRTUE, then, thy next essay,
 Worthy the blackest crimes that shun the day,
 Was *character* to stab, and thus complete
 What the chaste muse e'en shudders to repeat.
 Horrid expedient ! Cou'd all hell devise
 A plan more fraught with cruelty and lyes ?
 The secret's out ; thy fordid love of pelf,
 Passion well suited to thy fordid self,
 Prompted to fabricate the fatal scheme,
 Of treach'ry, and of meanness, the extreme,
 With artifice to execute a plan,
 So foreign to the feelings of a man ;
 Thy love of money, stronger than thy lust,
 Impell'd to lyes, and lye the traitor must.

To carry on the deeply tragic act,
 To render plausible each desp'rate fact,

Commiſſion ſervants to retail the lye,
 Contriv'd and launch'd beneath the maſter's eye;
 Tranſmit the written falſhood to each fool,
 That's vile enough to be the lyar's meal:
 The dark deſign thy guilt to cover o'er,
 But aggravates and blackens it the more;
 Latent ſuſpicions make thy conduct worſe,
 And brand each mean contrivance with a curſe;
 Thou baſe betrayer of a parent's truſt,
 Thou brutal ſacrificer, to thy luſt,
 Of unſuſpecting innocence, and youth,
 Of ſacred friendſhip, chaſtity, and truth;
 Who, *Amnon*-like, cou'dſt by feign'd ſickneſs,* lay
 Th' infernal ſnare, that caught the tender prey;
 Cou'dſt, unrelenting, ſtretch the butcher's hand,
 And make fair virtue bleed at thy command;

* He had been ſomewhat indiſpoſed, for a few days before; and on this indiſpoſition was founded the melancholy plot that he executed; when, upon Mrs. W——'s going out to ſpend the evening, and poor Miſs F——r having been left to bear the unſuſpected traitor company, he, by threats and intreaties, accompliſhed his purpoſe. —Whether on *that* fatal evening, his illneſs muſt not have been *feigned*, the reader is to judge.

Who,

Who, deaf to all the bitter plaints and tears,
 The keen deep anguish, and distracting fears,
 Of modesty attack'd, cou'dst e'en behold,
 What in idea makes my blood run cold;—
The guileless VIRGIN, CHILD, and FRIEND, in one,
By perfidy, and russian arts undone,
Then on her trembling knee compell'd to bow,
And pledge of solemn secrecy the vow.—

INHUMAN monster ! Cou'd not this suffice ?
 Must blacker deeds thy treach'rous heart devise ?
 Brutal in lust, in FALSHOOD brutal too,
 Durst thou the guilt transfer, that sticks to *you* ?
 Shall others be arraign'd to bear the blame,
 To snatch from dreaded infamy, thy name ?
 Durst thou the fact divulge ? the traitor hide ?
 To gain the cautious guardian to thy side,
 D——l ? who soon th' envenom'd falshood saw,
 And long'd to cite thee to the test of law ?
 With jealousy, and guilt, and envy stung,
 Whilst lyes on lyes drop poison from thy tongue,

Must

Must thou involve the LOVER in thy plan,
 Put on the savage, and put off the man ?
 Infidious counsel give, and e'en pretend
 To act the upright neighbour and the friend ?
 Such friendship's but the murd'rer's mask to kill,
 And he who wears it may destroy at will ;
 'Tis his, who acts dissimulation's part,
 The poor mean refuge of a lyar's art.

Who gave the trust so sacred in its kind ?
Who, to thy care and guardianship, consign'd
 The female, tender in her sex and years ?
 The child, in whom the anxious hopes and fears
 Of love parental centred ? From whose hand
 Th' important delegated pow'r to stand
 As father, and as friend, didst thou receive ?
Whose was the heart, so ready to believe,
 In friendship credulous, thy promise fair,
 With strict fidelity, to take the care
 Of virgin innocence and blooming youth,
 T' enforce the laws of purity and truth ;

In

In virtue's glorious path to lead the way,
 And stem the corrupt torrent of the day?
 When vice, with brazen front, dares stalk abroad,
 And 'gainst the laws of nature and of God,
 POLYGAMY takes up her impure pen,
 To sanctify SERAGLIOS for the men?
 When a grave PRIEST, for twice ten years at work,
 T' investigate the system of a Turk,
 After deep study, labor, thought intense,
 Whilst friends and foes were kept in sad suspense,
 At last finds out that MAHOMET was right,
 And Christendom's reformers, sunk in night;
 Dares the pure province of connubial love
 T' invade, and give licentious pow'r to rove,
 Where'er concupiscence, or fancy lead,
 With MAHOMET and MADAN at their head?—

WAS it some SLAVE, with fears convuls'd and wild,
 That offer'd to thy care a savage child,
 Left, to the Indies traffic'd like the rest,
 This shou'd be ravish'd also from her breast?

E

Or,

Or, found forsaken in some barb'rous land,
 Didst thou, relentful, with a gen'rous hand,
 Life's richest comforts instantly bestow,
 And rescue her from penury and wo?
 No ! 'Twas a friend, a parent—now no more,
 By death's kind message, left not to deplore
 The dire event, that would have plung'd a dart,
 And fix'd it deeply in his bleeding heart,—
 A PARENT (canst thou hear that awful name,
 Without the pangs of conscious guilt and shame ?)
 In unsuspecting confidence transferr'd
 The right, by nature on himself conferr'd,
 To thee ; who, with barbarity unknown,
 That any heart would soften, but thine own,
 Didst the great trust perfidiously betray,
 And by thy flagrant treach'ry, mark the way,
 That wretches of the foulest, meanest class,
 Through all the scenes of vice progressive pass,
 'Till hang'd as guilty spectacles on high,
 They on a gibbet or a gallows die.

But

But, shalt thou prosper in th' ungen'rous deed ?
 No ! 'tis by fate inflexible decreed,
 That justice shall, with sure though tardy pace,
 At length o'ertake thee in thy guilty race.
 Thee the most distant climes shall ne'er conceal,
 Nor o'er thy crimes shall midnight throw a veil ;
 Omniscience shall pursue thee in the way,
 And conscience kindle darkness into day ;
 Shall light up fires in thy polluted breast,
 Rob thee of peace by day, by night, of rest.
 Th' indignant muse, prophetic of thy fate,
 Dares, rapt in future distant times, to state,
 That orphans yet unborn shall learn thy fame,
 And lip with terror thy detested name.
 Thy fears, and guilt, and horrors to renew,
 An injur'd PARENT'S GHOST, shall rise to view ;
 Shall seem, with vengeful aspect to demand
 His ruin'd daughter's honor at thine hand.

Dost thou not see, anticipate, or dread,
 The storm that's gath'ring round thy ruthless head ?

Does

Does not thine agitated mind portray
 The fancied horrors of the fatal day,
 When thou shalt take thine ignominious stand
 Before the just tribunal of the land?
 Where THURLOW sits, strict guardian of the law,
 Fram'd and dispens'd adulterers to awe?
 Where the black Brief, as thy fam'd tape-worm * long,
 Shall count thy crimes to an astonish'd throng?
 Where the Seducer and his arts shall lie,
 In native guilt, expos'd to public eye.†

If from thy heart, the blood e'er forc'd to rush,
 Thy fallow cheek did redden with a blush;
 If e'er this symptom of a conscious mind
 Did shew one spark of modest shame behind,

* He has often mentioned in company, that a tape-worm, of an enormous length, was extracted from his leg.

† The muse has bitterly to regret, that she was, here, too sanguine in her expectations. The length of interval between the commission of the crime, and the discovery of it, rendered that legal discussion of the business impracticable, which was, otherwise, so much to have been wished, and which wou'd certainly have been attended with exemplary disgrace to the Seducer.

Amidst

Amidst th' empoison'd principles, that shoot
 In lechers' souls, and taint them at the root;
 If e'er one soft sensation made thy heart,
 With even one extorted sigh to part;
 If, pierc'd with sorrow for another's wo,
 The tear of sympathy did ever flow
 Adown thy cheek; if CONSCIENCE, for one sin,
 E'er rais'd her voice t'assert her pow'r within,
 And made, with rod vindictive in her hand,
 Thee, *Felix*-like, a trembling culprit stand;
 Review this scene, maturely weigh the whole,
 Hard as thou art, 'twill harrow up thy soul;
 Chill'd to the heart drive back the vital flood,
 And freeze the warmest current of thy blood.

IN these, though evil and abandon'd times,
 Shall there one single patron of thy crimes
 Stand forth to vindicate, on all the earth,
 Whether of noble, or ignoble birth?
 Canst thou procure one respectable friend,
 Thy blasted reputation to defend?

F

E'en

E'en brothels search, inquire, examine well,
 And ransack all these horrid haunts of hell;
 Ask all, who visit these infernal nests,
 Of virtue and society the pests,
 From the poor beardless debauchee, at school,
 Up to the man, who, with grey hairs, a fool
 In vice, an aged veteran in sin,
 The dupe of harlots, all his life hath been;
 Is there, in this detested group, one rake,
 That cou'd be brib'd, with gold, thy part to take?
 That wou'd not, thine unparallel'd disgrace
 Abhor, with imprecations, to thy face?

To find a FRIEND, go to that mansion foul,
 O'er which the blackest cloud is seen to fowl;
 While on its roof, the forked lightnings play,
 And dark surrounding mists obscure the day;
 The residence of villainy complete,
 Of wretchedness, and vice, the sad retreat,
 The scene of ev'ry machination dark,
 Of stratagem, and guilt, that bears the mark;

Where,

Where, plac'd in state infernal, fits a hag,
 Ready into her subtle wiles to drag
 Th' incautious maid that passes by her door,
 Or dares to tread on her enchanted floor;
 BAWD, on her furrow'd front, engraven stands,
 And galling fetters, in her wither'd hands,
 Are held, man's noblest faculties to bind,
 And chain to servile drudgery, the mind;
 SEDUCTION, in black capitals, inscrib'd;
 Points out her door, where hapless virgins, brib'd
 By meretricious arts, go heedless in,
 To rush, with their seducers, into sin;
 In whose detestable, and guilty train,
 Is ev'ry simp'ring coxcomb, light and vain,
 That hath, in state, the tour of EUROPE made,
 To come back artist in seduction's trade;
 Or rank ADULTERERS, that nightly walk,
 With shameless, married prostitutes to talk;—
 'Mongst such, and only such, a friend expect;
 To these, and only these, thy suit direct.

'LUR'D.

LUR'D by th' attraction of a dirty fee,
 Shou'd some mean hireling of the law agree,
 In favor of thy cause, to plead, or write,
 And vainly strive to wash the ÆTHIOP white;
 Shou'd some dull scriv'ner help to write thy name,
 And write his own, as witness to thy fame;
 The muse shall then their genuine portrait draw,
 Others to save from their rapacious paw ; *
 Shall straight expose the mercenary crime,
 Gibbet their names, and hang them in a rhyme.

THINK not to awe th' opinion of the town,
 Or public wrath, by brazen front, bear down;
 Warmly concern'd in virtue's injur'd laws,
 PARENTS and GUARDIANS make, their own, the cause;
 Each trembles for himself, and for his child,
 Left, by inveigling stratagems beguil'd,
 Another W * * shou'd their honor stain,
 And other traitors follow in his train.
 If one, who never knew a PARENT'S care,
 Ne'er own'd a child, the envied kifs to share

* Not the least reflection is intended here upon the honorable profession of the law
 itself. Those who abuse it, are only referred to.

Ambitious,

Ambitious, to the traitor close allied,
 In pomp, and meanness, shou'd attempt to hide
 His monstrous guilt, and vindicate his claim
 To innocence, and honor's injur'd name;
 Think not a partial suffrage will suffice
 To shroud thy guilt, and palliate horrid lyes.

AMONGST SALOPIA's virtuous parents, one,
 Who educates a daughter or a son,
 Shall ne'er be found thy cause to patronize,
 Or the Seducer bear before his eyes.
 When the fond mother wou'd instruct her child,
 By counsel most persuasive, when most mild,
 The path of folly and intrigue to shun,
 Where thousands of the fair have been undone;
 When the Seducer's arts she'd open lay,
 That unsuspecting innocence betray;
 Thy character she'll then hold up to view,
 And when she'd shew a traitor, point to you.

WHEN fam'd LUCRETIA, flow'r of fairest bloom,
 That e'er adorn'd the once imperial Rome,

A victim chaste, to **TARQUIN**'s brutal son,
 Fell, by a treach'rous savage plot undone * ;
 T' avenge thè deed, the injur'd husband flies ;
 Is scarce arriv'd,—when—lo ! **LUCRETIA** dies !
 Whilst o'er the bleeding, breathless corpse, he mourns,
 Whilst love and pity, grief and rage, by turns,
 Rend with their conflict his distracted mind,
 All **ROME** is rous'd th' adult'rer base to find ;
 And ev'ry Roman rigid in the cause
 Of virtue, and of freedom's violated laws,
 Burns to a state enslav'd to bring relief,
 With **BRUTUS** bold, their leader, and their chief.
 With such disinterested ardor fir'd,
 As ancient patriotic breasts inspir'd,

* **SEXTUS**, son of **TARQUIN** the **PROUD**, King of Rome, having fail'd in his attempts upon **LUCRETIA**, while he us'd **INTREATIES**, at last succeeded, by threatening that he would kill her, and, having killed a slave, would lay him in her bed, and then spread a report that having taken them in the act of adultery, he had punished them both with death. She yielded ; liv'd to tell **COLLATINUS** ; and then inconsolable for the loss of her virtue, rashly plung'd a dagger she had concealed, into her heart. This event produced the abolition of the kingly power in Rome, and the extirpation of the family of the **TARQUINS**.

They

They all conspire to urge the traitor's doom,
 And fix the fate of Tarquin and of Rome ;
 T' exterminate an arbitrary race,
 And plant fair freedom's patrons in their place ;
 To wrest the sceptre from a tyrant's hand,
 And banish vice and slav'ry from the land ;
 T' avenge the chaste Lucretia's hapless fate,
 To DRIVE OUT Tarquin, and to save the state.

AND shall SALOPIA be less slow to rise,
 In Virtue's cause ? less slow to patronize
 The Fair One, injur'd, like a tender flow'r,
 That in a fatal, an ill-omen'd hour,
 Abus'd by some rude hand, neglected lies,
 Loses its fragrance, droops its head and dies ?
 While crystal dew, seems, pendent from its top,
 O'er its hard fate, the big round tear to drop ?
 Shall the fell spoiler, o'er his tender prize,
 Triumphant, propagate, before our eyes,
 The flimsy falsehood ? in contrivance bold,
 In sad intrigue, and deeds atrocious, old ?

Shall!

Shall slander her empoison'd quiver fill ?
 And, sportive o'er her fav'rite, DEAR QUADRILLE,
 Aim, unrestrain'd, t'enliven ev'ry game,
 By fixing darts in absent F——R's name ?
 Shall honor, truth, compassion, all give way,
 To the convenience of an evening's play ?
 Will no kind hand take up the chaf'ning rod,
 And, zealous for the laws of virtue and of God,
 Arrest detraction in its hissing flight ?
 And scourge the monster to its native night ?

ONE friend I see, distinguish'd from the rest *,
 With pity's soft emotions in his breast,
 With juv'nile ardor fir'd, and honest zeal,
 To heav'n's high edicts make his bold appeal ;
 Lift up his voice, and, from the sacred law,
 Truths solemn apposite, persuasive, draw ;
 Direct an arrow to the traitor's heart,
 And make it with the piercing anguish smart,
 Flash keen conviction in his guilty face,
 Force him to blush, and tremble in his place ;

* The Rev. Mr. R——KE.

While

While hearers all applaud the preacher's plan,
 And God's vice-gerent cries, "*Thou art the man!*"
 For this intrepid action, gen'rous youth,
 This kind display of mercy and of truth,
 F——R, while o'er the sacred TEXT she weeps,
 And in her breast the wise monition keeps,
 Shall suppliant, oft, at MERCY'S footstool bend,
 To ask the richest blessings for that friend,
 Who, when discourag'd, others stood aloof,
 Durst, e'en beneath the TEMPLE'S sacred roof,
 Stand forth, t'affist fair VIRTUE'S injur'd cause,
 To draw her portrait, and enforce her laws.

For this humane, benev'lent, well-tim'd, deed,
 The MUSE shall wreath the mighty conqu'rors meed
 Around his brow, and bid the trump of FAME
 Emblazon, with her praise, his worthy name.
 For this, whene'er the nuptial knot is tied,
 Soon to unite him to a beauteous bride,
 May SOL shine forth with a propitious ray!
 And not one cloud o'erhang the happy day!

H

His

His torch of purest flame may HYMEN bring !
 And all the NINE, in choral harm'ny, sing
 EPITHALAMIUMS * ! while the festive lay,
 Makes the hours pass insensibly away !
 May VENUS, drawn by the chaste DOVES alone,
 Place, near herself, upon her rolling throne,
 The HAPPY PAIR ! and, as they move along,
 And all the GRACES chant the nuptial song,
 May the soft-falling dew of heaven shed
 Ten thousand benedictions on their head !

ANOTHER patron of the injur'd Fair,
 Wak'd by his MUSE attendant to declare
 The thoughts, that rise in his empaffion'd breast,
 And flow in soft, harmonious numbers drest,
 Dares all the sons of APATHY to stand
 Unmov'd, when, from his plastic hand,
 Inventive fancy, and elab'rate art,
 That soften, please, and captivate the heart,

* It seems necessary to tell the unletter'd reader, that EPITHALAMIUM, signifies
 a MARRIAGE-SONG.

The TALE OF WO shall pass to public view*,
 The shame, and apprehensions to renew,
 Of dormant guilt; and strike th' effectual blow,
 E're truth's suppress'd, and lyes luxuriant grow.
 Go, gentle Poet, bid thy gen'rous MUSE,
 Dip the soft Pen in PITY's healing dew;
 Attend her flight, while on her soaring wing,
 She wafts thee to some fam'd ARCADIAN SPRING;
 There drink thyself, and when inspir'd thy lay,
 The potent draught, with friendly hand, convey,
 In soothing numbers, to each wounded heart,
 Of two fond HAPLESS LOVERS, forc'd to part.
 Speed the soft wishes of fair F——R's breast
 To that LOV'D YOUTH, for whom, so long distress,
 She often heav'd the deeply-anxious sigh,
 And, than deceive him,——rather wish'd to die.

* Alluding to an advertisement in the Shrewsbury paper, announcing the intended publication of "a Poetical Epistle from an unfortunate young Lady to her Lover," which, since the above was written, appears to have for its author, the Rev. Mr. JOHNSON; to whom the public are much indebted for his having generously patronized the cause of an injured young Lady.

OF

Of her misfortune the dire series tell,
 But, e're she bid a long, last, sad, FAREWELL;
 Say, that——where'er th' afflicted Fair One Roves,
 THO' SPOIL'D, SHE'S VIRTUOUS*, AND, THO' BANISH'D, LOVES.

I too wou'd fain the gen'rous plan pursue,
 Th' affecting theme in pensive strains renew,
 Wou'd but CALLIOPE her aid extend,
 And ev'ry muse the bold attempt befriend.

WHILST some, transported with poetic fire,
 String ORPHEUS' harp, or sweep the golden lyre;
 Whilst DRYDEN dares t' attempt the lofty lay,
 Where PINDAR's soaring genius led the way,
 In ODE sublime, grac'd with CECILIA's name,
 That emulates the THEBAN poet's fame;
 Whilst MILTON's muse, in her advent'rous flight,
 Soars to the regions of empyreal light,

* The author thinks himself fully warranted to adopt this sentiment, in consequence of the information of those who knew Miss F——r intimately, and who declare, that thro' her whole conduct, there never once appeared the smallest deviation, in word or deed, from the strictest rules of modesty and decorum.

Passes the bound'ries of th' eternal throne
 To see, and sing the state of worlds unknown,
 From GREECE and ROME, to gain the epic prize,
 And 'bove their proudest bards superior rise;
 Whilst, in soft numbers of elegiac verse,
 In lines, that weep, and, as they weep, rehearse
 The fate of ANDRE, honor'd, injur'd name,
 SEWARD essays t' immortalize his fame,
 O'er his sad relics bids her MUSE to mourn,
 And, with her tears, to consecrate his urn;
 In humble lays, and modest, be it mine,
 The weakest, meanest, pupil of the NINE,
 T' adjudge to merit the due palm of praise,
 And, for ANOTHER'S brow, to crop the BAYS.

Yet, whilst my muse boasts no aspiring wing,
 Nor dares, in strains sublime, to soar or sing;
 Though in a region low, but safe, she keep,
 And, pinion'd, hardly durst in numbers creep;
 Still shall she, dauntless, make her res'lute claim
 To sacred TRUTH, and FREEDOM'S honor'd name,

I

Slave

Slave to no party, by no laws confin'd,
 That fetter, and debase a gen'rous mind,
 Ne'er shall she prostitute her honest pow'rs,
 To flatter VICE, or praise the PRIDE that tow'rs;
 Like some adepts, to varnish FALSHOOD o'er,
 For smiles, and dinners, and for nothing more;
 Ne'er cringe to meanness, or for fools make room,
 Or inscribe SPOTLESS on a SINNER's tomb.

A diff'rent theme invites, a diff'rent cause,
 That pity calls for, seeks not vain applause;
 That prompts, o'er F—r's melancholy fate,
 To weep, and join in VIRTUE's just debate.
 Of this ambitious, while the cause depends,
 Between the traitor and fair F—r's friends,
 (For, FRIENDS she hath, that love and pity too,
 True to her int'rests, as to friendship true)
 Though others slander, threaten, or deride,
 And guilt, or cowardice, in censure hide;
 Though some shou'd deal the rude invective round,
 In words of pertest, grossest, coarsest found; *

* A few of poor Miss F — r's enemies (for, FEW they are) have dealt, too freely
 in this illiberal dialect. When people inveigh, they should at least learn to do it decently.

Yet

Yet still the MUSE her plaintive notes shall sing,
 And the soft tribute of compassion bring;
 HER injur'd reputation shall defend,
 Whose case, not asks, but e'en demands a friend;
 Shall lift the rod satiric in her hand,
 And injur'd F——r's bold avenger stand.
 AH! hapless maid! portentous was the hour,
 When Fate ordain'd thee to a BUTCHER's pow'r!
 How does the heart of one, to thee unknown,
 Bleed for thy woes, and for thine inj'ries groan!
 In all thy varied griefs, he bears a part,
 And, while he writes to comfort, feels thy smart!
 Himself a PARENT, and with OFFSPRING blest,
 Dear to his soul, and as himself carest,
 Oft' as they play and prattle round his knee,
 He thinks of, feels, and weeps, and prays for thee;
 Reflects, that once, thy tender parents too,
 Did the young plant with pleasing rapture view;
 Watch'd with delight, and saw thought's early dawn,
 Th' idea germinant from reason drawn;
 Their hopes, made sanguine through parental care,
 Beheld no storms, t' obscure the prospect fair;

They

They read the book of fate with partial eye,
 And nought for thee but honors could espy.
 From sad reverse of fortune, F——R, know,
 That blessings, oft', in streams salubrious flow.
 Hence learn to shun each guileful tempter's art,
 Nor less the dang'rous traitor in the heart;
 With vig'lant, cautious, wisdom, to take care,
 Of Syren-pleasure, that enchantress fair;
 The blessing seek of that one GREAT BEST FRIEND,
 Whose favors all the smiles of earth transcend.
 Soon as thy feet revisit INDIA's shore,
 BRITAIN and P——N to see no more;
 Implore heav'n's guardian, all-protecting care,
 Remember W——, tremble, and beware,

W——!——that name wakes all the Muse's ire,
 And sets th' indignant lay again on fire,
 Provokes, once more thy conscience to address,
 And ask for injur'd innocence redress.
 Ere honest, virtuous, public wrath shall sleep,
 Ere my MELPOMENE shall cease to weep,

Or

Or her soft elegies shall cease to flow,
 O'er F——R's SAD VARIETY OF WO;
 Or SATIRE, cease to barb the pointed dart,
 And boldly point it to thy guilty heart;
 CONFESSION open, honest, gen'rous, free,
 Each Muse, and all the world, expect from thee;
 Small reparation for a crime so great,
 In which, ten thousand aggravations meet;
 Yet make it, speak the truth, the deed confess,
 'Twill make thy guilt, and F——R's sorrows less;
 Will just resentment into mercy turn,
 Conciliate friends, make anger cease to burn.
 Who, from a heart RELENTING, cou'd with-hold
 Though just before in sad transgression bold,
 The hand of pity, and of candor meek,
 To wipe the tear repentant, from the cheek
 Of pungent sorrow? Who that fully knows
 Himself, his God, or, for another's woes,
 E'er felt compassion and benev'lenice kind,
 Pervade, with soft'ning energy, his mind,
 Cou'd hesitate, one moment, to impart
 The LOVE, that sooths and heals a wounded heart?

The muse herself **PHILANTHROPIST** wou'd turn,
 And for thy grief, as for thy guilt, wou'd mourn;
 To plead the cause of **PENITENCE** wou'd try,
 And ask, for thee, of all the world, a sigh.

FAIN wou'd I, then, the pleasing hope indulge,
 That **CONSCIENCE** may **COMPEL** thee to divulge
 The truth; and, though to **PRIDE** so hard the task,
 Pardon of **GOD**, and injur'd **F—**—**—** ask;
 That, wounded with an arrow from on high,
 Thou shalt abas'd, in humble sackcloth lie,
 Thy num'rous, various, deep-dyed crimes deplore,
 Though veil'd, dissembled, and denied, before.

Does the scene change, then? does it realize
 A prospect new to my astonish'd eyes?
 Do the dark mists and lowering clouds give way,
 While **SOL** shines radiant with a flood of day?
 Or, is it **FANCY**, with illusion fair,
 That gilds the sky, and brightens all the air?
 Or **HOPE**, that plumes her gay expansive wing,
 And what **SHE** **WISHES**, prompts the **MUSE** TO SING?—

The

The day serene, th' expanse of æther clear,
 Whilst all the groves waft harm'ny to my ear,
 Whilst seem'd each object flatt'ring to portend
 The near approach of some auspicious Friend ;
 Sudden an emanation from on high
 Burst in a stream of glory from the sky,
 Bright efflux from the realms of purest day,
 Sent to illumine all th' ætherial way.
 The heavens disparting then unveil'd to sight,
 A form angelic, near the throne of light ;
 The concave vast refounded with her name,
 And choirs celestial join'd to chant her fame ;
 Swift, from her native residence, the skies,
 On wing seraphic, to the earth she flies.
 Her ROBE ¹resplendent in each glossy fold,
 Shone with bright tints of azure and of gold,
 Save, where it still appear'd deep-ting'd with blood,
 Which once, as at MESSIAH'S CROSS she stood,
 Left in her garments purple spots, to prove
 The marks indelible of dying love.
 By TRUTH and JUSTICE giv'n, a CROWN she wore,
 With gems of purest lustre studded o'er ;

HER

HER name inscrib'd, in front, in burnish'd gold,
 Her high descent, and god-like nature told.
 A radiance mild encircled all her face,
 The feat of each benign attractive grace.
 Her hand first rais'd to wipe the falling TEAR,
 She spoke, and spoke so loud, that e'en the DEAF might hear.

“ Dispatch'd from heav'n, and with commission kind,
 “ My pleasing task, is erring MAN to find;
 “ Th' eternal fav'rite of th' eternal SON,
 “ Ere time its ample round began to run,
 “ Within HIS breast, before all worlds, I dwelt,
 “ Ere man th' effects of sad transgression felt.
 “ MERCY my name, my origin divine,
 “ Eternal love and clemency are mine.
 “ Man's cause I pleaded, and in EDEN knew,
 “ When her vindictive sword stern JUSTICE drew.
 “ SEE, in this hand a venerable roll,
 “ The sov'reign balm and med'cine of the soul;
 “ Eternal TRUTH the characters reveal'd,
 “ The deed, with blood, the great MESSIAH seal'd,

“ A co-

" A covenant of peace it is, proclaim'd to man,

" Adore the AUTHOR, and admire the PLAN,

" Lo ! in my left, a sacred SPONGE I bear,

" Potent sin's deepest, foulest stain to clear,

" Dipt in the crimson current of a spring,

" Whose streams to thousands health and vigor bring.

" Repent, believe the record—straight I'll fly

" To heav'n's high court, and for thy pardon cry ;

" There the long cat'logue of thy sins count o'er,

" And as I count, expunge the dreadful score ;

" Waft ev'ry sigh, bear ev'ry tear and groan,

" Perfum'd with incense, to th' eternal throne."

THUS MERCY spoke, heav'n echoed to her voice,

And the soft accents made the earth rejoice.

W—, to THEE she spoke ; o'er thee hath dropp'd a tear,

Her high commission, tender plea, revere ;

To-day she calls, throws wide her sacred door,

" THERE'S ROOM,"—she cries—ENTER—AND SIN NO MORE."

Accept the message, ere terrific DEATH

Stop, with his unrelenting hand, thy breath ;

L

Ere

Ere summon'd by the JUDGE supreme to stand
 At his dread bar, thou trembling, lift thy hand;
 Ere, MERCY spurn'd, JUSTICE avenge the deed,
 And strike the blow, by angry heav'n decreed.



T H E E N D.